

Marines Part:1 (Assault and Battery included)

by Spook777

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Summary: First fic in a series, not sure where its gonna go, but I think its pretty good.

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> <meta name="Generator">

I don't own StarCraft, so don't sue me (Since I don't have any money you would just be practicing.).

Enlisting to become a member of the Umojan Protectorate wasn't an extremely bright thing to do. Sure, their higher-ups were friendly with the Protoss, but even if the Zerg were your only enemy, you were still screwed. By applying crude, but simple logic, the average marine didn't see much of a difference between getting a warp blade shoved up his ass by an irate dark templar, or having his chest caved in by a rampaging hydralisk. (The consensus among the troops at the time, was that the warp blade was the least painful way to die.) But, if one needed money, (or was being pursued for violating parole) the military was a semi-attractive option. Funny, for something that was semi-attractive then, the army didn't seem to be anywhere nearly as nice as that nowâ€¦|

"OPEN FIRE" screamed a large, singed looking firebat. The marines around gladly complied, filling the air with several hundred hypersonic shells in only a few seconds. Their target, a living wall of zerglings, didn't seem to be phased in the least. By some odd miracle, three siege tanks converged their fire on the beasts, liquidating them. But the proximity of the siege tanks' targets to the marines, caused the firebat and his troops to scramble into a large trench to get away from the white-hot bursts of pure Hell.

"Hot damn! Look at em' go!" Yelled an enthusiastic marine as the siege tanks wiped out another cluster of zerglings.

"Hey, captain! When are we gonna head back to base?" Asked the same marine to the firebat, calming down a bit.

"After another fifteen minutes or so, and for God's sake keep your damn head down!" Upon hearing this, the young soldier sheepishly turned around, and sat down in the trench.

"Why not now?" The firebat turned his head expecting to see the young marine, but to his surprise encountered one of his squad's medics.

"What?"

"Why aren't we heading back to base now?" Stated the obviously irritated medic. Looking the field doctor over, the captain carefully chose his words, turned his suit's intercom on, and then, responded.

"BECAUSE I SAID SO!" Rather than respond, the medic walked away, and took a seat beside the squad's other medic.

"Asshole." Muttered the first medic.

"Probably Stim-packed one too many times." Offered the second.

The firebat sighed, and returned to his previous position at the front of the trench, still wondering how the Hell he let that recruitment officer talk him into joining up.

Well, That's my fic. Please tell me what you think!

End
file.